Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectaion of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eies of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſt of ſweetnes, whereof a little,

More

More then a little, is by m
So when he had occaſion t
He was, but as the Cuckow
Heard, not regarded: ſee
As ſicke and blunted with
Afford no extraordinarie g
Such as is bent on ſun-like
When it ſhines ſeldome in
But rather drowzd, and hu
Slept in his face, and rendr
As cloudy men vſe to doe t
Being with his preſence, gl
And in that very line, *Har*
For, thou haſt loſt thy Pri
with vile participation, No
But is a weary of thy comm
Saue mine, which hath deſi
Which now doth that I wo
Make blind it ſelfe with foo

Prin. I ſhall hereafter, m
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* I
As thou art to this howre, w
When I from *France* ſet foo
And euen as I was then, is *P*
Now by my ſcepter and my
He hath more worthy inter
Then thou, the ſhadow of
For of no right nor colour l
He doth fill fields with Har
Turns head againſt the Lyo
And being no more indebt
Leadſt ancient Lords, and re
To bloody battels, and to b
What neuer dying honor h
Againſt renowned *Dowglas?*
Whoſe hot incurſions and
Holds from all Souldiers ch
And military title capitall,

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